









The Communist-in-Chief has the first division to meet with, and concentrate his army at Temewar, with one division at the rear and another closer to the river Tien. The Magpies, completely routed, fled in the wildest disorder. The Magpies, galloping away in their desperate flight, mixed up with the enemy in a complete confusion. The enemy's infantry in most cases, especially against Dembinsky, Gyzon, Kneit, and Bern, who had arrived at noon on the 10th, were very effective. The enemy's tank gun factory near Temewar (which the insurgents themselves had captured) was working in the evening of the same day, but the enemy was too exhausted to attempt any pursuit. Great heaps of weapons covered the field of bat-

presented to our Minister at the Hague, but that he strangely neglected or refused to present it to the King, lest it might render him unpopular at Court. Thus the matter rested until recently, when it was presented to the consideration of the present Secretary of State, who, it is said, is investigating the subject, with a view to take action on it.

—

**THE CROPS.**—The crops of this county, both wheat and corn, promise a pretty fair yield. The corn crop particularly is very good.

*Holly Springs (Mesa) Gazette.*

through one of its windows, and a large number of letters opened, and rifled of their contents. A sum of money lost has not been ascertained, the most valuable packages having been secured in a place of safety.

It would be a rich thing if the perpetrators of this robbery could be brought before the Spartanburg Judge who recently robbed the mail at that place, for the purpose of getting testimony against Barret. In one case the robbery was for money, in the other for blood. We should like to hear the Spartanburg Judge's charge to the jury.—*Low. Cour.*

h \$75. That was considered very cheap, and they would not cost more than three or four dollars in the States. Well, we went to work at day at daylight, and worked hard all day. When we concluded we would have our earnings weighed, to see how much gold we had, we weighed out of our bows. We made \$1.75. Now deduct \$1.25 for living, and we have 50 cents! So much for the gold digging of Arizona. Not being satisfied with our first day's work we thought we would give another trial. We worked two days more as hard as ever, with better success. I then concluded that this was not for me, and so I and my partner discontinued our partnership. He has gone to digging on

the country in light lots have advanced to 8, for the different numbers. We quote sales at 10c.

**AND WOOD**—The retail sales of Pittsburgh advanced to 16a10c—stocks light. Sales of iron wagnaps at \$1 40c per load.

**AND GRAIN**—There is a decided firmness our market, and all good brands command \$5 retail sales from stores at 35c. There are lots of Flour in the market manufactured from heat which will not command our full quotation receipts this week are 1,067 bush. Good very scarce, and prices have further advanced

**WINE MANUFACTURERS,**  
And Dealers in  
**HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.**  
In Big Place, 53, Third Street, near Main  
St. **W. E.**

**TELEGRAPH BUILDINGS.**  
**JOHN W. HAST.**  
MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF  
**CIGARS, SMOKING AND  
CHEWING TOBACCO.**  
Third street, between Jefferson and Market  
**LOUISVILLE, Ky**

**WILL ATTEND**  
him—  
sing accounts—  
April 1, 1914

**HART,**  
No. 118 Chestnut  
Manufacture  
Have always a  
variety of  
retail at the low  
Sept. 28th,

and promptly to any business entrusted to  
will act as Agent for the collection of money  
&c, &c. Charges moderate.  
S. H.

**MONTGOMERY & CO.,**  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**SAAC PUGH & Co.,**  
Chestnut Street—PHILADELPHIA.  
Wholesale and Importers of Paper Hangings,  
for sale a large stock of PAPERS, of every  
description, which they will sell wholesale and  
retail at low rates.

1918.—tr.



# LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the New Quarterly Review.  
The Death of Poetry.

(From the German of Karl Simrock.)

Hor long and tedious sillage ended,  
Heaven's daughter, Poetry, expired.  
The harp that pangs her sons with rapture  
No doubt her death to work conspired.

Now some her frame would grandly bury  
In silver coffins tipped with gold;  
But in creation's cemetery  
No grain of ore can eye behold.

Some send for wine too high and lowly,  
To guard her body from decay;  
But, as by magic art unholy,  
All wine had dried or shrunk away.

Some seek for blossoms wreaths of sorrow;  
In vain: for winter round them reigns;  
And never shall a spring-tide morrow  
A single flow'et wake again.

Fall many a youthful pair assembles  
To gaze upon the train of woe;  
But age's frost within them trembles:  
They reach the spot with locks of snow.

As stalks the bier to earth's dark bosom,  
Dark night descends for aye to pine:  
Upon a land without a blossom  
Thou art no longer deign to shine.

A minstrel speaks the grave oration,  
His tones are few, his words are few,  
"Henceforth be death your expectation,  
And joy forever bid adieu!"

The funeral barge now commences,  
The torch-lights palely, feebly gleam;  
A noiseful throng of souls and senses,  
Aid fleet and fasters are a dream.

They sit, and gaze towards daylight's portals,  
No smiles are born, no tears are shed;  
So-kiss your grave-clothes, spectral mortals,  
For you know not, ye are dead!

Charles Dickens.

This popular author was born in February 1812, at Rochester, and passed his early years beneath the shadow of that fine old well-preserved ruin, the castle, wandering on the banks of the Medway, or listening (we strongly suspect outside,) to the chanting of the cathedral service.

His father, who was a clerk in the Chatham dockyard, retiring on a pension some years after, came to London, where his celebrated son finished the little education he ever received; he was then articled to a solicitor in Bedford Row, where he formed the acquaintance of a reporter engaged in the "Morning Chronicle." He soon grew disgusted with the drudgery of the desk, and exchanged it for the more exciting life of the public press. He, therefore, became one of the staff of the leading liberal journals, the paper already named.

Here, his sagacity, quickness, and above all, skill in seizing on the prominent features of a subject, made him one of their most useful attaches, and he was generally deputed to attend the most important political meetings.

In the "Chronicle" appeared those clever sketches which first made the name of "Boz" known to the world; this *soubriquet* he had given to his youngest brother, Augustus, whom he called Moses, which, corrupted into Bozes, finally became "Boz," and as a remembrance of fondness for the child, he resolved to adopt it as his literary name.

These sketches are too well known to need any distinct criticism; the surprising minuteness of their details, the ingenuity with which he selects peculiarities, and by humorous exaggerations carries them into the world of caricature, made him at once the favorite author of those who read only to be amused. It may be doubted whether these sketches will not be his chief passport to fame in future times; unable to construct a symmetrical plot, his larger works grow tedious; compelled by the very nature of his plan to publish his chapters separately, he has confined the artistic unity of his novel to the ephemeral necessity of producing something very piquant for every number; the great effects are, therefore, frittered away in the progress of the work, and the crowning interest of the climax is divided among twenty numbers, published at stated intervals; this unfortunate division of an originally strong article is avoided in his first production, and the "Sketches" will always remain as a record of the life of the lower classes of England.

His next work was a smart brochure, entitled "Sunday under three heads," to which he placed the assumed name of "Timothy Sparks." Here, he lays bare with unsparing hand, the hollows of that pharisaical sect, which endeavored by legislation, to enforce the gloom of a puritanic fast on the cheerful Sabbath. This work, which is not generally known, had pre-fixed to it an ironical dedication to the Bishop of London, who had rendered him self by in the matter. There are many admirable sketches in this little volume, full of point, and bitter truth; such as the description of a "fashionable congregation of miserable sinners," where the levity, foppiness, and millerism of the whole assembly of "prayerful persons" are depicted with much power and sarcasm. A picture in this sketch, of a father fetching home the Sunday dinner from the baker's, with all his little ones hailing him as he comes up the street, within sight of his own door, is one of those graphic touches of low life which place Mr. Dickens far above competition in that inferior class of writing.

We have a great objection to this eternal painting with mud, instead of colors; introduced into a story as a part of the whole, it is an agreeable change and gives greater effect to the pathetic and lovelier portions, as the scenes where Dogberry and Verges figure in Shakespeare's drama of "much ado about nothing," but when this is the entire staple, the work becomes degraded to a far lower style of art, and is not the representation of a life; but only a particular phase of it; a Hamlet of grave-diggers, or a Henry the Fifth, full of Nym and Bardolph, would be an equivalent in the world of letters to most, if not all, of Mr. Dickens's works.

the most popular vehicle for satirizing that class of "emphatic nothings" which delight in the appendage to their name of F. R. S., A. S. S., or any other mysterious signs which they think have the magic power of bestowing learning or distinction. The melancholy termination of the eccentric's career, soon, however, gave to Mr. Dickens the paramount voice in this joint work.

The suicide of Mr. Seymour, was rendered doubly distressing to him, by the fact of his dining with the wretched; the very day in which he perpetrated this terrible deed of despair.

He had left Mr. Dickens's house after a merry evening, when he had pointed out to Mr. Seymour two passages in the now number which he wished illustrated. Next morning Mr. Dickens was surprised at receiving a very early visit from one of his publishers, Mr. Chapman. His manner was so agitated that the author's first impression was that he had come to announce a suspension of payment. "Good heavens," cried Mr. Dickens, "what is the matter?" Mr. Chapman's reply terrified him—"poor Seymour has destroyed himself!" They both started for the ill-fated artist's house, where they found the melancholy report was too true; there lay the hapless son of genius dead, and the cause of the rash act was perfectly apparent to them; for looking round his studio they saw many lithographic stones with the designs scarcely commenced, but which the sanguine sketcher had represented to his publishers as being nearly completed.

Mr. Dickens's solution of the mystery is, that on his return home from dining with him, the contemplation of the heavy arrays of works he had to do, operating on a quick nervous temperament, somewhat excited by wine, produced a temporary delirium, under which influence he destroyed himself. Every reader of Pickwick knows that Mr. Browne was engaged to complete the illustrations, and he has done it with such good spirit and felicity that we venture to assert very much of Mr. Dickens's popularity is owing to the tangible shape in which the artist has clothed the author; in a certain sense his rapid and graphic pencil lends to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Mr. Dickens's next work was Nicholas Nickleby, and adding this he edited "Bentley's Magazine." Here he had a disagreement with the proprietor and retired from its management. He, however, finished, according to his agreement, the tale of Oliver Twist, which first appeared in this periodical. The dispute originated in the remuneration he received as editor. Mr. Bentley complains that he nearly doubled in less than a year the annual sum he had engaged to pay Dickens, and upon his hesitating to comply with another increased demand, he threw up the contract altogether.

The novel of Oliver Twist is certainly the finest piece of construction Mr. Dickens has given to the world, and notwithstanding the revolting picture it presents of part of human nature, there is little doubt but that its total effect has been beneficial. We have been told by English magistrates that they had no idea of the infamous system then flourishing, until Dickens attacked it, pen in hand; and several have declared that the recollection of Oliver Twist has compelled them to give a more patient and indulgent hearing to the unfortunate orphan, who, tossed upon the world, falls into the hands of evil men, and becomes their dupe and their victim. In this work he also exposed the ignorance, brutality, and conceit of some of the paid officials of London, who are little better than an inferior kind of Jeffries, and who bow to the titled and wealthy criminal, and who exhaust their indignation and legal vengeance on the weak and destitute offender. The character of Mr. Fagin in this novel was well known to be intended for Mr. Laing the notorious Bow Street magistrate; and so conscious was he of the resemblance, that it was currently rumored at the time that he wrote to "Boz" inquiring if he intended to personify him in the picture.

Report adds that Mr. Dickens's reply stated, that Mr. Laing must be the best judge how far he felt the cap fitted him. On a later occasion Mr. Dickens told him that he intended to hold up to the scorn and detestation the conduct of Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, who in the arrogance and stupidity of undeserved power declared he would "put suicide down"—as though the terrors of the law would have any effect on the phrenzied spirit, who fearing not his God, rushed unannounced into his presence. When the "Chimes" appeared, the Alderman Cate, in the book so admirably done, every one acknowledged, by acclamation, the likeness to Laurie. The astonished saddler roared out in the indignation and astonishment of the moment, "I wonder Mr. Dickens is so ungrateful as to attack me; I have always been civil to him, and didn't I, at the last Lord Mayor's ball, lead Mrs. Dickens down to dinner?"—unhappy Cate! did not the gormandising noodle see that when the wife of a man of genius condescends to honor such a man by accepting a personal attention, it is she who confers the favor, and renders him the obliged party.

The passage in the Chimes, in which the indignant author ridicules and denounces the blasphemous folly of putting human madness down, is powerfully written, and a good specimen of Mr. Dickens's best style. No man can write simpler and stronger English than the celebrated Boz, and this renders us the more annoyed at those manifold vulgarities and slipshod errors of style, which unhappily have of late years so disgraced his productions.

While we are on this point we may as well allude to the character of Dombey, the hero of Mr. Dickens's last completed monthly novel; this is well known as intended to represent a shipowner and merchant "not a hundred miles" from Leadenhall street, in whose office a relative of the novelist is clerk.

The "little wooden midshipman" of Solomon Gills, with his sextant in his unbuttoned shirt, with his one foot advanced, and his coat tails flying back, may be seen any day two or three doors down Leadenhall street, and immediately facing the office of the self-satisfied and arrogant merchant who sat for the portrait of Dombey. When the first number appeared, the likeness was readily recognised by this wealthy merchant's relatives, and he was christened Dombey on the spot; he himself was not averse to the "high distinction of being the hero of a work by so popular a writer as Mr. Dickens;" we ourselves have seen him blandly smile as the allusion has been made in his hearing; but as the work proceeded, and the heartless mercenary character of a London merchant was unfolded, his face grew tragically dismal at the slightest reference to what had formerly been his pride! Alas! poor little human nature, how dreadful to thy ear is the truth when presented by another!—well did the Scotch exciseman show his far-sighted knowledge of the heart of man, when he wrote—

"Oh, would some gentle power give us  
To see ourselves as others see us."

But perhaps, in both cases, it would only wound self-love, and not kill the slumbering devil. We cannot help, in this place, remarking, that when Mr. Dickens commenced "Dombey," he stated to several that, in his new work, it was his intention to expose the arrogance and pride of the English merchant, with an eye to the correction of those notorious vices. It is evident to all, that he either lacked the courage or the power to achieve so great and praiseworthy an object. It has resulted in the miserable failure of grossly libeling and caricaturing one person, and thus narrowing a great public object to a private end. Had the castigator of the Yorkshire schoolmasters, the paid magistrates, the impostor architects, the dandy milliners, and the grinding usurers, possessed the nerve to teach the arrogant merchants of London that their clerks and dependents were worthy better treatment than they receive at the hands of their Egyptian taskmasters, Mr. Dickens might have secured a fame which is fast fading away under his new dispensation of writing; but this narrow, of an originally fine and broad-visioned mind, will always happen when an author deserts the many code of his early years, and transforms himself into the companion of fashionable dandies, literary lords and heartless millionaires.

It is unnecessary to follow seriatim the progress of so well-known a writer. His works are familiar to all, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few critical remarks on his remaining productions. Few writers of modern times equal Mr. Dickens in the fidelity with which he selects some family in low life, and paints their portraits; they are complete Dutch pictures; even the tone of voice, and the look are given, and the Crummeles, the Kennys, and the Squeers, are as daguerotypes for posterity with an unerring accuracy. When, however, he ventures upon the loftier and more complex phases of human nature he miserably fails, and evidences at once that want of universality which renders him, perhaps, one of the most one-sided delineators of the human family that ever enjoyed a popular reputation. His want of success in this department was once illustrated by a sarcastic writer, as reminding him of the story of the scavenger. An old master in that, the dirtiest of sciences, was asked one day his opinion of a new and popular apprentice he had. Scratching his head, and looking very profound, he uttered in an oracular tone of voice, that, "in a straight-forward piece of business, such as sweeping a crossing, he was undeniably great, but when he came to a dainty little bit, a lofter kind of fancy work, such as titivating round a post, he showed a sad want of genius;" so with Dickens in low characters, he is wonderfully true, graphic and amusing; but when he comes to a little dainty piece of portraiture, such as a gentleman, or a young lady of birth, breeding, or fashion, or indeed of any heroic character, he shows a deficiency of power, both in conception and execution, which materially diminishes his chance with posterity.

Mr. Dickens tells a story remarkably well, and being a good mimic, he often imparts to the narrative the reality and vivacity of life; the anecdote of Macready and Pritchard is one of his most successful efforts; we have the more pleasure in relating this, as it shows under cover of an apparent irony reserve.

"Still glows the warmth of genial heat  
In stern Macaulay's breast."

While we are on this "trail," we may as well relieve our recollection of another anecdote, illustrating the peculiarities of two men so well known as Wordsworth and the great tragedian.

Mr. Macready on his return from some engagement in Edinburgh, called on Wordsworth, and was persuaded by the old bard to remain all night; they wandered about, talked of the drama, and parted, mutually pleased with each other. Shortly afterward a friend who knew Macready intimately, inquiring of Wordsworth what he thought of his visitor, received from the aged poet the following account: "I was much pleased with him indeed. He is a quiet, modest, unassuming man: without the slightest taint of conceit—in short, I gathered from what he said, about acting, that he is a bad actor, and he knows it: between ourselves he confessed as much to me." Our friend's amusement may be easily conceived at this instance of the Poet Laureate's discrimination; it is, however, a curious instance of Mr. Macready's "private theatricals."

To return, however, to the story in question, which shows the eminent actor in a very amiable point of view; the simplicity of his guest is truly ludicrous.

A gentleman, of the name of Pritchard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity, but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favorite characters. It seemed to be an honor to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to show him every attention.

On Mr. Macready's first visit he was all most driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship; looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed loyally tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more the face ripened into a smile: then came a more rapid thawing; and one morning Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager that he actually spoke to him, "Good morning, Mr. Pritchard." Balaam was not more astounded at his donkey's speech, than Pritchard at his lion's condescension—in a little time it ripened into "Good morning, Pritchard!" and one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Pritchard, Mr. Macready said, "Pritchard, you don't look well; you want a change of air! I have a little cottage at Elstree; come down on Saturday and stay till Monday." In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation. Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation the highly honored man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial seventh heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, "Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that?" In due time he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlor, and then told his servant to show Mr. Pritchard his

room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visitor endeavored to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind.

After some little delicate devotion to his toilet he descended to the parlor, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. "My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Pritchard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you." Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner welcomed him. Mr. Pritchard flattered a little and said, "The pleasure he felt in showing his respect for so resplendent a genius as Mr. Macready was his greatest happiness and reward." &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock." Mr. Macready pointed out in his sententious way the wonders around. "That is my little paddock—there is my boy's horse—there is a small hen." Mr. Pritchard put forth a word or two of rhetoric: "How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world, to retire, and in the calm seclusion," and so on. Mr. Macready signed this fine crop of oratory by saying, "That's a covey, it supplies our family with milk." "Happy cow," (exclaimed the manager) to supply so great a man's family with milk." Pritchard, in the intense adoration of the minute, wished himself a cow! As Jupiter for love of Io turned himself into a bull, so would Pritchard have done the synonym as Mr. Macready.

Behold Mr. Pritchard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready! In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded man ger, "Pritchard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want; I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think I have any only to ring, tell my man; it is prepared in a minute—now don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending—the manager seemed translated; towards midnight he was led to his room by his hero, and told that he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections, lapped in the reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, "a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute," fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. "I will do me good," involuntarily exclaimed Pritchard, "I feel overpowered with the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one; Mr. Macready pressed me to take it; he will be offended if I don't; I would not would his feelings for the world." His hand instinctively pulled the bell; like fear in Collin's Ode,

"He beckoned, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made."

The tinkling ceased; dead silence; again the bell was rung louder; no one came; Pritchard gave up the idea of his bath and thanked the abhorring ringing; at length, just as he was preparing to get into bed, there was a rap at his door with a half sleep. "Did you ring, sir?" "I should like to have a warm bath," faintly ejaculated Pritchard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request; "A warm bath, sir?" said the servant. "Yes, Mr. Macready said I could have a warm bath." The servant vanished and went to his master's bed room door and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs, with no Astor House in the vista.

Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute, then, touching the modern Macbeth's arm, said, "William, what is that?" a deep guttural growl was the response.

"Again the lady at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied."

"William, pray wake, I tell you I hear a noise. I thought I heard a bell ring twice before; William, pray wake, I am getting alarmed." When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. "Who is that?" said he. "Me, sir," said the servant. "What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?" "Please, sir, Mr. Pritchard wants a warm bath!" "A warm bath!" gasped his master, "does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? a warm bath, ha! ha!" continued he, "was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? a warm bath, ha! ha! Rouse all the servants; let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!" saying this he sunk hysterically upon the pillow.

In 1836, Mr. Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth, and to all human appearance the union has been a happy one; they have a family of seven children, the eldest a boy of about twelve years. His two last boys he has named after Alfred Tennyson and Francis Jeffreys, a piece of vanity unworthy so shrewd an observer of human nature.

In 1843 he visited America, but this is too well known to need any reference here; the mere fact. We may, however, say in passing, that much of the unsatisfactory nature of that visit is chargeable to the injudicious course taken by the very respectable body of gentlemen, who, totally ignorant of the peculiar temperament of the distinguished novelist, somewhat officiously, though doubtless with the best intentions, took charge of him, and, in short, placed him under a complete surveillance, which impeded that free observation and genial intercourse with the masses which is absolutely necessary to the formation of a just opinion of the American people.

He has since passed a year in Italy, and another in Switzerland. He is fond of a trip to Paris, but the voluble manners of that vivacious nation seem to escape him, or baffle his powers of fixing on the canvas. It may be that he is unable to depict the finer traits of more polished life, and, therefore, wisely chooses the coarser and more boldly developed features of English and American manners to paint; but he is as it may; it is only as a sketcher of low life that he will descend to future times, and in this point of view he will be valuable to the future dramatist and historian, to supply them with the manners and peculiarities of that class of mankind which constitutes the majority of the human race.

Mr. Dickens in private life is good tempered and hospitable, he has a striking face; his hair is dark and long; his eye, which is the great feat of his countenance, is hazel; he is rather under the middle size, is neatly made, and very active; his favorite time for composition is in the morning, he writes all about one or two; lunches, then takes a walk for a couple of hours, returns to dinner, and gives the evening to his own or a friend's fireside.

He is a very gay dresser—eschews collars and cravats in a brighter scolding rolling facings to his waistcoat—as fond of rings and gold chains as a Moslem Jew. Indeed he dresses in a manner which, if indulged in by another, would inevitably call forth some of his genial banter. He is fond of country dances and similar amusements. By his own fireside he is as pleasant and

companionable as his warmest admirer could wish; his conversation, however, is not what might be expected from a man so justly celebrated; he tells a story well, and with ever fresh variations or humorous exaggerations. He is a strong admirer of Tennyson and Browning; we have heard him declare that he would rather have written the "Blot in the Scutcheon," than any work of modern times. We have heard similar high admiration expressed on the other side of the Atlantic. Taking this for what it is worth, it still shows how highly that unpopular poet is esteemed by some of the leading intellects of England and America.

Mr. Dickens lives in good style in the Regent's Park, and is reported to live "not wisely, but too well." Men of quick feeling and ardent sympathies are not expected to be Cook's Arithmetic in the flesh, or to have the calculating mind of a London or a New York merchant.

He abominates argument; delights in walking the crowded thoroughfares of life, and noting the humors of his fellow creatures. He has a strong sympathy with all the oppressed classes, and has no toleration for the misanthrope or the cold-hearted aristocrat. He now and then administers a little gentle rebuke to affection, in a pleasant but unmistakable manner. We remember an instance where he silenced a bilious young writer, who was inveighing against the world in a very "forcible, feeble manner," during a pause in his philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory tones, "I say, —, what a lucky thing it is, you and I don't belong to it! It reminds me," continued the author of Pickwick, "of the two men, who, on a raised scaffold, were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman; the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily employed in tossing one here and another there; whereupon, one of the criminals said to the other, 'I say, Bill, how lucky it is for us that we are up here.'"

In general, however, his remarks are happy. Notwithstanding this apparent reticence, sympathy with the lower classes, he pays an absurd deference to men of rank, and thinks no dinner table complete without a lord, or a very rich merchant or banker. This has been decidedly injurious to his writings; it has cramped his hand, and checked the thunder in mid volley.

A little anecdote will illustrate this "amiable weakness" better than a lengthened disquisition.

An acquaintance of his, calling one morning upon a celebrated writer, distinguished for his plain speaking, was astonished by the latter saying, in his most plaintive Scotch, in the course of conversation, "Poor Dickens, I am sorry for him; I could have better spared a better man!" "You amaze me," replied the other, "why, I saw him last week, in good health. For God's sake tell me all about it—when did he die?" "Die, mon!" roared the philosopher, "I never said he was dead; I meant that it was all over with him as a great author." "What do you mean?" inquired the visitor. "Why, I mean this, he has dined with a real life lord, and it's in the newspapers! I say again, I am truly sorry for poor Dickens!"

His most intimate companions are Mr. Macready, Forster, Rogers, London, Harley and Talfourd; his acquaintance, however, extends throughout the whole range of the literary circles.

Notwithstanding the attention he receives from a few of the nobility, such as Earl Carlisle, Darnley and Ashley, he is unpopular with the fashionable circles, and is asked as they would invite Tom Thumby, the Siamese Twins, or any other lusus nature, merely to increase the dramatic attractions of the evening; but the weakness of feeling flattered by the attentions of rank or wealth, is a common failing with most men, especially when they have sprung from a humble class in society, and where the mind is deficient in the highest qualities, or not fortified by great self-respect; of this latter requisite, Mr. Dickens has less than most men so widely renowned.

To sum up his capabilities in a few words: as a man, he is good tempered, vain, fickle, which makes him at times appear to be insincere; on the other hand, it must in justice be stated that he forgets, with kindly facility, an offence; but the impression on the minds of those who have known him longest, is that he is deficient in all those striking qualities of the heart which sanctify the memory of man. As an author, we have given our opinion of him, and stated our reasons. A few years will probably modify his position as compared with such writers as Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Miss Barrett, Bailey, and many other of his contemporaries. He will, however, always hold a commanding position in his own peculiar department of composition.

We must not forget to mention that, misled by his fame, Mr. Dickens tried his hand on dramatic composition, and wrote a farce, which was acted at the Lyceum. As might be expected, from his want of constructive power, it was unequivocally condemned; this settles the question as to the author of Copperfield being a writer of the first class. It is a curious fact that all the first intellects of the age have been progressive; now with the writer before us, his first two works are unmistakably the best.

In 1846, Mr. Dickens was persuaded by some friends to become the editor of a newspaper called the "Daily News," then about to be established as a rival to the "Times," on the liberal side of politics. On January 26th, of that year, the first number appeared, but after conducting it for three or four weeks the novelist found the pursuit distasteful, and retired from its management. It was said, at the time, that his salary was one hundred pounds per week, an amount equal, we are told, to an entire year's pay to many men of talent for editing leading daily papers in New York.—Living Authors of England.

## Love thy Maker.

Translated from the German, by N. L. NARRER.

Love thy Maker: let love be  
Duty and delight to thee,  
When the day breaks o'er the hill,  
At the sunset hush so still,  
Let each living creature praise  
Thy warm love; and be thy care,  
That what'er thy time may see  
Shall form a link 'twixt Heaven and thee.  
Find thy home in every land;  
Give each man a brother's hand;  
And let each mourning spirit see  
The lasting claim it has on thee.  
Grant help where'er it may avail;  
Sympathy, if help should fail;  
Solace to each aching heart,  
To the weeping, strength impart.  
Then, my heart, thy bliss shall be  
Like a stream, that, full and free,  
Ere its ocean-home appears,  
Many a way-worn wanderer cheers.

"We treat sensible and present things as realities, and future and eternal things as fables; whereas the reverse should be our habit."—Cecil.

By the course of his providence God will assert the liberty of his council.

## THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

BY MRS. JARVIS BAYNE.

On passing a wool-yard one day, my attention was attracted by hearing a person who was engaged in sawing, remark to a gentleman who stood beside him, "I am sorry you are going to leave town—you are such uncommon good pay!"

This observation appeared trifling in itself, but there was a good deal in the tone; and to a reflecting mind it carried a deeper meaning than the mere words would seem to convey. ("Uncommon good pay" evidently referred to the common good pay" evidently to the general rule, and one who in his practice endeavored to conform to the principles laid down by his great Master in the Holy Scriptures—THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE. It is my purpose now to illustrate this by a short and simple story.

In a garden belonging to a handsome mansion a man might have been seen employed in digging, from early morning until the lengthened shadows gave evidence that night was approaching. The only interval of rest had been at noon, when he had gone home to his dinner. He was somewhat passed middle age, and from the manner in which he handled his spade, appeared to understand his business particularly well. Just before sundown, a gentleman entered the garden to note the progress of the work.

"Well, Simon," said he, "you have got along finely for these two or three days, and you have really dug it very nicely. I think I must hold on to you as a planter."

"I am glad to please you, sir, it is very hard digging, but I have taken great pains with it." At this moment a little girl came up, took her father's hand and said—

"Pa, tea is waiting."

"The sun will soon be down, Simon," cried the gentleman, as he walked off with his daughter, "and I guess this is all I shall want you to do just now. You may call in some day and I will pay you—I have no change at present."

As he uttered these words, the owner of the mansion entered his comfortable abode, and sat down amid his family to the luxurious meal which had been prepared for him. He did not reflect whether the poor man, who in laboring for him, had borne the burden and the heat of the day, had not equally as good to partake of, nor had he done as the lord of the vineyard we read of in the Scripture, who, when the evening was come, and sent the steward, "Call in the laborers, and give them their hire." In fact, accustomed as he was to the command of means, it had never occurred to him how important was the pittance a poor man earns, to his family.

Time it is in many times a trifle, but let it be remembered that it is his sole dependence—his all; and that God, who has said "The wages of sin is death," will not let him have all the time until the morning—Laz. xix.—has not left the time of payment with ourselves.

And now we will look a little farther and note the effect of one neglect. As the sun went down, Simon proceeded homeward—his features were careworn, and he seemed weary and depressed as he moved along. On entering his dwelling, the first words his wife accosted him with, were these—

"Well, Simon, did Mr. G. pay you? I have the kettle on, and I will run and get a loaf of bread, and a little tea, and you shall have something comfortable for supper."

"No, he did not," answered Simon, sighing heavily, as he seated himself on a bench. "He is a kind hearted man—I don't believe he ever thought how hard of a poor man often is, or he would never have required me to charge him with my three days' labor."

And here we will pause to observe, that we are very much inclined to doubt whether those who from mere carelessness are guilty of such injustice, are, in reality, more culpable than those whose practice is the same, although actuated by baser motives.

"Oh, why didn't you ask him?" now inquired Simon's wife, "and tell him how much we need it."

"He did not offer to pay me, and I could not," returned he moodily.

"Poor little Maggie has been fretting for some time good to eat, all day," said the mother, wiping the tears of disappointment which gathered in her eyes, with her apron; her fever has left her, and the doctor said she might eat nourishing food, and I could make something nice, if I only had some wheat bread."

"Why don't you borrow some?" interrogated the husband, at the same time arising to look at his sick child, who was quietly sleeping.

"I have borrowed several times," said his wife, "and as we never get anything to return it, I can't go again."

At this moment, several other children came bounding into the house, clamorous for their supper. Their mother arose, thickened the water boiling on the fire with corn meal, and, with some skimmed milk, furnished by a neighbor, formed their evening repast. This fare, was not very substantial it is true, for one who had to toil day in and day out, as Simon had; but we dare say, the rich, who sat down to their table, groaning with every delicacy, never thought of that. His children might stand in need of comfortable clothing to protect them from the cold, and from their infancy might be inured to every privation—but what was that to his employers?—they were not his keepers, and it was mighty little they owed. "Mighty little," however, in a good many hands, in the aggregate would be seen to amount to considerable, and in Simon's case, the wages owing to him by his employers when they were due, would, if properly expended, have enabled him to gather many little necessities and comforts about his family, which they were now forced to do without.

In the present instance we would not have our readers suppose that we are painting an extreme case. And in order to prove it, we will mention one or two facts drawn from the history of every day life. I have neither meal nor potatoes in the house, I have neither meat nor poultry; I have a laboring man to one of my employers; can you give me the dollar you owe me to buy me a bushel of grain? "In this the very first money I have handled in nine months, and I have worked regularly almost every day," observed one on being paid for his labor. What a history of privation—of positive suffering—was embodied in these few words. A person residing in the village of—, informed us that having occasion at one time to go into the dwelling of a poor woman, who earned her living by washing, he found her with her four children seated at dinner, and the sole article of food upon her table was cabbage; and from her manner and her not making an apology, he supposed the fare was not unusual.

Cases of such destitution must be rare, but they are more numerous than